

IN WOMAN'S WORLD.

HER WORK—HER FADS—HER INTERESTS.

An Ancient Bridle for the Unruly Tongue.
An Ideal Club—More Honor to Bernhardt—Secret of Youth.

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To Dolly.

So Dolly, your imperious head
For once has felt a conqueror's touch,
And they who stood around your bed
Learnt that they loved you overmuch,
Yet I, I only, never heard
That pain had nestled with my bird.

Perhaps some tender thought of me
Withheld your message for a space;
Or, with wide-eyed sincerity
You looked Death, smiling, in the face,
And found less sadness in his look
Than in a human story-book.

It may be that the sudden pain
Turned all your fancy's brimming tide
Thro' the strong floodgates of your brain,
To range in unknown pastures wide,
And death, beside you, Dolly missed
His role of life's last satirist.

Ah! if the sun had set, and you,
The sweetest of all human things,
Had proved the awful riddle true—
And soared from us on alien wings—
Then had life's myrrh and frankincense
But mocked our sorrow's impotence.

Dear little heart, dear eyes, dear lips,
Dear clinging hands and fragrant hair,
What horror of intense eclipse,
What barren bondage of despair,
If these had vanished, and, instead,
We wept above your quiet head!

But Dolly, what strange words are these?
The wind of life about you blows.
And youth's divine Hesperides,
Gleam, rose-like, through a mist of rose;
And lo! with urgent summoning
There shrills the clarion of the spring!
—Exchange.

For Unruly Tongues.

The emancipation of women from the oppression of men, and from the thralldom of conventionality, being just now a favorite theme with debaters, dramatists and dressmakers, the occasion may be an appropriate one, says the "Strand Magazine," for the purpose of recalling an article of headgear which was frequently worn by the fair sex in the "good old times."

The particular head-dress of which we are about to treat, although produced in many ingenious fashions, was never popular with the ladies, and we do not desire in these progressive and enlightened days to reintroduce such unbecoming and inconvenient wearing apparel, but to show the advance that has been made in our social life, and in the relations between the sexes since the age of the pillory and the ducking stool, and to draw attention to a phase of the past with which many at the present day may not be familiar.

A few generations back our forefathers were wont to inflict upon women certain punishments, which sadly exhibited their lack of gallantry and propriety. Among the most curious of these punishments was that of the Brank, or Scold's Bridle. This curious and cruel instrument of torture was employed by tyrants, who, by means of clanks and petty provincial tyrants for the purpose of curbing women of an ailment of the tongue to which they were said to be subject.

The brank, or scold's bridle, or gossip's bridle, as the instrument has been variously called, was in very general use in this kingdom from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries, as is amply shown by the many allusions to its application, which appear in corporation and municipal records, and in some counties the specimens of the implement still existing are sufficiently numerous to testify to its prevalence. In Cheshire alone no fewer than thirteen examples are extant, and Lancashire and Staffordshire each contain five or six. In Derbyshire there is but one.

The Derbyshire Brank is a remarkably good example. It consists of a hoop of iron hinged on either side, and fastened behind. An iron band passes over the head from back to front, where there is an opening to admit the nose of the individual whose misfortune it was to wear it. On the left side of the hoop a chain is attached, whereby the victim was led through the streets or tethered to a post or wall. On the front of the bridle are the initials, "T. C." and the date, 1688—the year of the great rebellion.

One of the most celebrated branks is that preserved at Walton-on-Thames, which is dated 1623, and is inscribed with the characteristic couplet:
Chester presents Walton with a Bridle
To curb women's tongues that talk too idle.

The bridle preserved at Doddington Park, in Lincolnshire, was evidently intended to bring down as much ridicule as possible upon the head of the unfortunate wearer. It is in the form of a mask, with holes for the eyes, and a protruding piece to fit the nose. There is also a long perforated funnel-shaped piece projecting from the spot covering the mouth, suggesting the terribly long tongue the culprit must possess.

The last time the scold's bridle was publicly used in this country was at Congleton, in Cheshire, in 1824, but, in the words of an eminent statesman, "many things have happened since then," and it would create no small sensation if at the present time we were to meet a fin-de-siècle lady, led through the streets by a burly policeman, wearing one of these uncouth implements, because, forsooth, she had ventured to raise her voice in defense of her rights, or had spoken too plainly to an overbearing and tyrannical husband.

An Ideal Club.

The ideal women's club in this country

is, in fact, not a women's club at all, but a man's club, where the wives and daughters of members are always welcome. On dinner night the club dining-room blossoms into beauty and laughter and gaiety from the fair women who fill up the usual empty places in the big room. Music by a good orchestra is furnished, and occasionally a mandolin orchestra, a popular singer or a fine performer of any kind is invited to entertain the clubmen's fair guests, who are supposed to be members of their families or sweethearts and chaperons. As one woman said: "There never was a more amiable set of men. And one would think that they had organized a club simply for the pleasure, comfort and convenience of the women." Of course, all these clubmen are very popular.

The Czar as a Husband.

The late Czar was a devoted and gallant husband to a winning and tender-hearted wife. A few years ago a feminine visitor at the Russian Court laughingly rallied the Czar on his dislike for waltzing. The tall, handsome man smiled and said frankly: "Madame, I never dream of dancing unless with my wife."

Sarah Joins the Legion.

Sarah Bernhardt—the divine and only Sarah—is to be awarded the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

The news has not yet been officially published in France, but it will be very soon. It should rejoice the hearts of women the world over, particularly of the women who believe in the equality of the sexes.

The decoration which will be bestowed on Sarah Bernhardt is not the order of the Legion of Honor known by that name in this country, but that of the original French Legion, which has hitherto been almost inaccessible to actors and actresses.

The divine Sarah will be the first actress to receive the coveted distinction as an actress.

She will be almost, if not quite, the only woman who will have obtained the red ribbon.

Marie Laurent, the great melodramatic mother, who did so much to swell the fame of Bernhardt by her admirable acting, was awarded the same honor years ago. But she was decorated, not because she had achieved celebrity upon the boards, but because she happened to be the President of a charitable society.

Mme. Dieulafoy, the eccentric Asiatic explorer (an advocate of bloomers), is also a member of the Legion. And the ribbon has in a few instances been granted to women who have made their mark as painters, sculptors or writers.

A special interest attaches to the choice of Mme. Bernhardt for the honor. In decorating Got and Coqueline, official Worms, of the Theatre Francaise, official France, to some extent, renounced the old and stupid notion that actors were pariahs.

By giving the great actress the acknowledgment to which her genius had long since entitled her the Government of France will have proclaimed its liberality still more emphatically. It will have shown that it admits the right of actresses to rank not only with their fellows of the sterner sex, but with artists generally.

According to a friend of Mme. Bernhardt in this city, it is to the "exceptional services" which she has rendered to French art abroad by familiarizing foreigners with the masterpieces of the French stage that the great actress will owe her unique privilege.

To those who can remember what an outcry caused by the announcement of her sudden flight from the Theatre Francaise and her subsequent visits to America there will be a peculiar significance in the somewhat tardy, but generous, acknowledgment of her genius.

"Sarah Bernhardt, Knight Designate of the Legion of Honor?"

Well, why not?

Ode to the Gobbler.

Come forth, come forth, oh, much beloved bird!
Come forth upon the platter hot and white,
While our glad souls to "melodies unheard"
Roll on the ocean of a grand delight.
Oh, gild our visions till they're rosy bright
And fairy-land's about the table thrown,
While we attack thee with our main and might
Until with rapture heaven-sent we groan
And cannot keep awake to snap thy dear wishbone.

Although no lively nightingale or lark
In song's sweet sphere, a merry bird thou art.
Thy stuffing and thy meat, both light and dark,
Wake a responsive sunshine in the heart.
When on the tree to which thou dost depart
At tranquil eve, whose purple shadows fall
Soft as sleep's kiss about thee, do we start
With pleasant thoughts of board and banquet hall
While thou art undisturbed, rolled in a dreamy ball.

But now, alas! we see thee at thy best
Upon the dish, all juicy, crisp and brown,
Thou canst not run away with fear oppressed
And 'neath thy great wing hide thy scarlet crown.
Thou still must linger, all our cares to drown,
And be the gobbled gobbler, balmy, rare,
Dear to the heart of emperor and clown,
Who'er pronounce thee with a gracious air
The bird of freedom on Thanksgiving's bill-of-fare.

Thou to Thanksgiving day must ever be
What Santa Claus is to the Christmas-tide.
Thou art a thousand gifts in one. Ah, me!
When gayly steaming in thy roasted pride—
'Tis then with knife and fork we for thee glide
Swift as the morning wind, or as a shot,
And in ferocious silence deified
We eat and eat and bless our happy lot,
Until we have no room for the plum pudding pot.

—R. K. Munkittrick, in Judge.

It is said that heat holidays have now been established by law in the public schools of Switzerland. Recognizing the well-known fact that the brain cannot work properly when the heat is excessive the children are dismissed from their tasks whenever the thermometer goes above a certain point.

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

GATHERED FROM THE RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL PRESS.

Words of Wisdom on Spiritual and Moral Subjects Which Are Worth Attention From the Thoughtful.

The Good Old Times.

Do not let us give away to effeminate complaints about this, talking about the good old times, and contrasting them with the times in which we live; for, in fact, if there is one thing more certain than another, from even a slight study of history, it is that there never were any good old times. People talk about the Apostolic age. Think of circumstances. Take these later writings, the Epistles of St. John the Seven Churches, or the Epistle of St. Jude, documents which come from the end of the Apostolic age, and speak of the danger which threatened the Church. Were those good times? Or, go into the Apostolic age, study the struggle against the various forms of Gnosticism. Hear Celsus, from without, saying that Christianity is already split into so many sects that Christians only agree in name; and Tertullian, from within, regretting that the best and wisest were forever going upon the wrong side. Were those good times? Or, the age of Councils; the age to which we owe the creeds, so strong, clear, and masterful. Those were ages of wild controversy; and, amid the din of jarring voices, people seemed hardly able to hear the notes of truth. They were not good times. Or, the Middle Ages. People talk about the ages of faith. Certainly there was more credulity, but, as far as faith meant any moral effort, read St. Bernard, and you will see that he did not look on as good times. Or, take the age of Bishop Butler. "It is come," he says, "I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons, that Christianity is not so much a subject of inquiry; but that it is now, at length, discovered to be fictitious. And, accordingly, they treat it as if in the present age this were an agreed point among all persons; of 'discernment, and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were by way of reprisals, for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world.' Were those good times? Or, take the generation only behind us. An old man used to say: 'If you had been born when I was, you would wonder there was any Church of England left.' In every age we have to struggle.—Rev. Chas. Gore.

A Perfect Home.

The character of any home is a correct indication as to the relation of individual members to the Heavenly Father, and home approaches perfection just in the degree that the individual members are near to God. The character of a home, also, is a prophecy of the type of manhood that can be developed there. Perfect manhood can only be expected to come from a perfect home, for the stream is not likely to rise higher than the fountain.

A perfect home is the best possible earthly type of Heaven. The ideal home includes within it all the holiest relations that can possibly exist among men. There is the relation between the husband and the wife, between the parents and the children, between sisters and brothers, where each one supplements something that is lacking in all the others, and is, in turn, supplied by all the others with what is lacking in self. There may, however, be perfect homes that lack some of these relationships and no one need feel that a home is essentially defective because any one of these elements might be wanting.

The Soul of Ethics.

There is no salient point in the past history, or in the presage of the future progress of mankind, comparable with the cross of Christ! no ethical teaching like His who was the embodiment of ethics; no picture of sin in its loathsome deformity like these drawn by the sinless; no taking away of the fear of death like His who tasted of death for every man; no hope for the full development of humanity such as He showed who united the human with the divine. So I bid you, who think that in the progress of modern thought you have outgrown the older embodiments of truth, come back to the cross and learn anew the secrets that solve the problems of the universe.—Bishop Rullison.

Muscular Christianity.

I believe in muscular Christianity. Whatever effort in our day is made to make the men and the women more athletic should have the favor of every good citizen, as well as of every Christian. I know there are persons who pride themselves on their delicacy of health. I never could see any glory in sick headache. It is a grand thing to be able to walk a great distance, but everything depends upon what you walk for. It is a great thing to be able to lift mightily, but everything depends upon what you lift. It is a great thing to be able to triumph, but everything depends upon what you conquer. While I denounce ruffian athleticism, I will not be understood to depreciate physical achievement. But physical energy ought to be a type of moral power. As far as we may let us cultivate physical power and then consecrate it all to God and the help of the suffering race.

Rebuke and Abuse.

The first step in learning the noble art of rebuke is to distinguish it from the ignoble art of abuse. Wide apart as the poles, they are yet as easily confounded as two peas. A rebuke is inspired by love, abuse by hate. One requires meekness, the other arrogance; one is the language of courage, the other of insolence. A rebuke is designed to restore, and requires constructive ability; abuse is nihilistic, and requires such ability as a child possesses who is old enough to tear down a block house. Rebuke calls for character, abuse is the ugly temper of a boneless spirit. He alone can rebuke sinners whose life is a standing rebuke to sin.

Gratitude.

Few Christian virtues perhaps, can be so easily cultivated as can gratitude. It is pre-eminently, too, a Christian virtue; the eye that cannot see the beauty of the unspeakable gift will hardly be strong enough to detect other blessings. It is not only itself a virtue; it not only multiplies the joys of life; but it brings other virtues in its train, and it is an

antidote for many evils. Small place is left for pride when all good things are admitted to be gifts; when one owns his debt to God, he will be ready to own that to his fellows; thankfulness has for its root and its fruit love, which is the principle of a perfect life.

Sensational Preaching.

Sensational preaching is of three kinds: 1. Guffoonery; 2. heresy; 3. prophesying smooth things. Pulpit buffoonery is the use of unseemly modes of speech, vulgarisms, or current phrases not adapted to the sacredness of the house of God. It is an easy thing for a pastor to force himself into public notice if he has no compunctions against stooping. All things are popular which are malapropos. Low comedy in its own place may suffer for the want of an audience; but low comedy in the temple of the Most High God will fill the pews, the aisles and vestibules. Men love the humor of inappropriateness. The clown in the playhouse may fail to amuse; but, if you put his cap and bells where the mitre ought to be—on the priest's head—there will be no end of applause. When a street arab uses the dialect of low life no one thinks it worthy of attention; but let a preacher lean over his sacred desk and utter it, and his hearers say with one accord: "We will hear thee again concerning this matter."—Dr. David J. Burrell.

Talent in Action.

It is our talent in action, in circulation, not wrapped up in a napkin, that will bless and help the world, and bless and ennoble ourselves; and that rule holds good whether our particular talent happens to be culture, or the genius of organization, or the gift of sympathy, or the stewardship of money.—Henry C. Potter.

My heart has always assured and reassured me that the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be divine reality. The sermon on the Mount cannot be merely human production.—Daniel Webster.

Judge Not.

Who now shall accuse and condemn us,
What man shall condemn and disown
Since Christ has said only the stainless
Shall cast at his fellow a stone?
—Exchange.

Co-Operation With God.

As long as we refuse warm, loving sympathy with Christ's missionary purpose, and hold aloof from earnest co-operation with Him in missionary enterprise, we shall have a poor, dwarfed spiritual life, and be faithless to the great work that God has put into human hands.—The Rev. George Wilson.

Consecrated common-sense applied to aggressive business methods will insure the success of church work as certainly as of secular enterprises.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

One can cultivate a critical and censorious spirit until he will find fault with a rose, and growl at the sunshine. It is very easy for some people to be unhappy, and they seem to give themselves wholly to it.—Western Christian Advocate.

Religious Notes.

The Religious Tract Society was founded ninety-five years ago. Its present buildings in St. Paul's churchyard stand hard by the site of old St. Paul's cross, which witnessed once a bonfire of Tyndale's Bibles. Since its foundation it has printed the Gospels in 201 languages; it has issued the "Pilgrim's Progress" in 87 languages; its New Testament commentary has appeared in Chinese, Arabic, Syriac, Marathi, Bengali, Urdu, Hindi, Canarese, Sinhalese, and Karen. Last year it sent out 67,000,000 of publications.

By the will of the late Senator Ross, of Canada, Morrin College and the high school in Toronto receive between them \$170,000; Jeffrey Hospital, \$100,000; three Anglican churches, \$40,000 each; French Mission, Presbyterian churches \$20,000; Women's Christian Association, \$16,000; Ladies Protestant Home \$40,000.

The Congregational Home Missionary Society reports that for the past seven months the income has been \$61,349 in advance of that of last year, and that \$21,000 of this has been in contributions. The hope is expressed in view of this fact, that the coming months will so far replenish the treasury that before long something may be done toward restoring the reductions made necessary at the beginning of the year.

Woman's work in India has made great progress. There are now 711 women missionaries—foreign and Eurasian—in India. These have access to 40,513 zenanas, and have 62,411 girl pupils in the mission schools.

The Presbyterian Board of Home Missions reports total receipts for seven months, \$116,670, a gain of \$9,291. Of this \$29,504 is in legacies, \$33,589 in the Women's donations. The regular church donations have fallen off about \$1,000.

The Lutherans of Germany have become deeply interested in the religious condition of Persia, and have recently sent out an exploring party to decide upon some proper field where they shall locate a mission station in that kingdom, having special reference to the Jews and Kurds.

Keeping One's Youth.

More than half of a homekeeping woman's time is spent in worrying and a good share of the other half in preparing food, as though the stomach were the immortal part of us. Take one-quarter of the time a woman devotes to making pies, preparing puddings, putting up preserves, baking cakes and frying, etc., and let her devote it to rest and recreation and she would not look like a shred of parchment at forty. It is the non-essentials that kill us. We must learn to simplify before we can escape the doom of premature old age. Nature never intended us to live as we do. If she meant us to eat puff pastry she would have grown it on some of her trees. She has provided simple food in the shape of cereals, fruits and vegetables, and if we conformed ourselves more closely to her established order of diet we should be a happier and harder race.

How Heads Grow.

A story was told by Ticknor, who said it was a singular fact that the head of Daniel Webster grew larger after he had passed middle age. Ticknor, knowing Webster intimately, asked him about the matter, and received the reply: "Yes, I find that I have constantly to increase the size of my hats."

We may observe that this interesting phenomenon does not depend entirely upon increase of years, for comparatively young naval officers have been known to complain of a tightness in their headgear after the mental strain involved in taking lunar observations.—The Athenaeum.